

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HENRY.
162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month..... \$4.00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year..... \$45.00
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Month..... \$3.00
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Year..... \$35.00
SUNDAY, Without Daily, Per Month..... \$1.00
SUNDAY, Without Daily, Per Year..... \$10.00
Three times the above rates in all foreign countries, except Mexico and Canada.
All money remitted at risk of sender.
In order to secure attention, subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old as well as new address.

IN ENGLAND The Journal can be purchased at the office of the International Publishing Company, Trafalgar Buildings, No. 1 Northumberland Avenue, London, S. W. Also from Smith, Aldgate & Co., Old Broad Street, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, Strand, London, W. C.

Journal readers will confer a favor upon the publisher if they will send information to this office of any news stand, railway train or passenger steamboat where a New York paper should be on sale and the Journal is not offered.

THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for today indicate thunder clouds in the early morning, followed by generally fair weather; much cooler.

Now that Governor Bradley has a small kennel of his own, he will lay awake at nights worrying over the Presidential dog catchers.

Mr. Hanna has pronounced Senator Hill a mere "Jack-in-the-box." McKinley is in danger as long as Mr. Hanna's vocabulary is in action.

In case the Chicago Convention declares for free silver, Secretary Hoke Smith will be able to support the ticket by simply falling back on his old mind.

Perhaps, as General Booth says, "salvation is not national," but that seems all the more reason why the Salvation Army should not be purely British.

It is said that Secretary Carlisle has secured a manager for his Presidential boom. Later on he will undoubtedly make an effort to secure the boom.

It is probably Mark Hanna who has sent out the important tidings that McKinley is in fact a greater man than Napoleon—by exactly thirty-six pounds.

The Pennsylvania Republicans will meet in convention this week, and Mr. Quay will doubtless be shrewd enough to wear a piece of armor plate on his political jugular.

Mr. William C. Whitney's qualifications for the Democratic Presidential nomination grow daily more impressive. Now Senator Tillman promises that should Whitney be nominated he will leave the Democratic party.

When Mr. Depew has finished urging the Government to aid the people of the far West to irrigate, he might get his friends at Albany to remove the obstacles which they have heaped before the New Yorker anxious to moisten his parched clay of a Sunday.

If Mr. Reed's managers will make a careful investigation they will be able to find evidence of McKinley mutterings in Connecticut. The loss of one New England State would mean the permanent undoing of the Reed boom.

The amount of the appropriation this year for the improvement of New York harbor is a shade less than \$775,000. A loss of one steamship of the first class through the pinchbeck economy which has caused so many disasters at this port would mean the sacrifice of more than that.

Three hundred and fifty Italian immigrants were shipped home in two days of last week, but as over 1,200 came in on Saturday alone, the people of the United States cannot feel that the torrent of undesirable immigration is being very successfully dammed—that is, with two m's.

SERVANTS AND CRIME.

Two American masters of the novelists' art commented in yesterday's Journal upon the romantic and mysterious element in two famous robberies in New York. Edgar Saltus described some of the inner and unknown details of the robbery of the Manhattan Savings Institution in the rich, glittering fabric of his unapproachable literary style. Julian Hawthorne employed a mind rich in imagination and stored with stories of mystery in speculation upon the yet unexplained features of the Burden diamond robbery. The articles are something more than merely readable. They show how closely real life approaches the life which the romancer loves to depict.

To many people, by the way, the news that two trusted servants in Mr. Burden's household, one of whom had served many of the first families of England, were the actual robbers, must have suggested much the same line of reflection as that pursued by Mr. Hawthorne. He thinks "the most promising nursery for a band of robbers might turn out to be the servants' hall." And yet how comparatively seldom, in proportion to the immense number of men and women employed in domestic service, is dishonesty among that class shown. Servants come and go; are introduced into the household after the very slightest investigation of their characters. As thieves themselves, or as the accomplices of others whom they might admit to the house, their opportunities for robbery are innumerable. It is comparatively seldom that one class yields to the ever-present

deverent to all criminals, and particularly instructive to other valets and butlers who might, had these twain escaped, feel moved to purloin their masters' valuables.

It is very plain that the New Jersey delegation is going to St. Louis for the express purpose of dickerer for the Vice-Presidency.

PADEREWSKI.

As a symptom of the times, Paderewski, who brought the musical season to a fitting close on Saturday night, is away and beyond anybody who has, in literature or art, tried to become at once a symbol and a popular pet. History has acquainted us with the occult power of the pianist over the susceptible female heart. Chopin and Thalberg did not scruple to turn music into mesmerism. Liszt himself aimed his tumultuous school at the French dames, and some of us can remember how Gottschalk went through our society like a juggernaut crushing beauty and mangling fashion. Women who could not tell an etude from a sardanaise fainted in their seats when Rubinstein made frantic passes at "The enamelled stones," and even Wehl, whose immaculate trousers won for him the title of "The Pantaloonatic," heaved his bodice with untold desires the moment he sat down to the laying on of hands. The pianist is the restored link between the unutterable and the unthinkable, and to be victorious he must not be a woman. For some deep reason no Arabella Goddard has ever been able to fire the sensibilities of women, and it is now somewhat meanly asserted that Paderewski's skill possessed by a woman could not accomplish it. The fact is, woman has drawn a line on her own prudery, and perhaps we might say on her maidenly modesty. It is as if she had said, "We shall treat a man with disdainful reserve as an altogether inferior and dangerous animal—unless he is a pianist." In that case we reserve the right to be as characteristically idiotic as our unbridled emotions will permit.

As our age is altogether more emotional than any other, it was very natural that we should have a pianist to fit it. And he could not be a Titan, like Liszt or Rubinstein, and be in keeping. Paderewski is not a Titan. He wears the up-to-date air of a bored young man. He doesn't invite the worship of the young women; he gives them plainly to understand that it tires him. Nothing can be finer for the accomplishment of his purpose, and the consequence is that his indifference towards the youthful feminine to rashness. Nothing but the restraints of her attire and the height of the stage has prevented her from mobbing him outright.

It is well that we have these exhibitions at intervals. They take us back to first principles, and show us that after all in unguarded moments the female temperament beats true to music, art and religion itself, if they are only embodied in a man, and he sustains the nil admirari air and wears his hair scrambled.

In discussing the relations of McKinley to the A. P. A., it is well to bear in mind that members of that order well recognize the fact that they do their political idols the most good by pretending hostility to them, while in fact working in their behalf secretly. The avowed friendship of the A. P. A. in many States would be a positive disaster.

A BLOW TO BOSTON.

A dark plot of grief and woe has settled over Boston. Faneuil Hall is to be draped in mourning, Bunker Hill Monument will abase its head, and Commonwealth avenue—where only the uncommonly wealthy can live—will be a cave of gloom. For why? The old State House, the chef-d'œuvre of the colonial architect Bulfinch, the dignified pile which upholds the gilded dome and the sacred golden codfish, is doomed to destruction—or "restoration," which is commonly worse.

Until within a few years the old State House was big enough to accommodate all the lawmakers of our modern Athens. Indeed, if the making of laws did no more than to keep pace with the increase of population, it would still serve. But latterly law has outstripped mankind in its increase. There must be laws for the protection of game, of fish, of workmen, of tenement house dwellers, of holders of insurance policies, of traffickers with railroads, of burners of gas, of destitute persons, of folk mentally incompetent—unless they happen to be members of the Legislature—of dumb animals and of dependent children. Every conceivable type of person and nearly every possible interest must be protected or regulated, and there must first be a law and next a Board of Commissioners. Sometimes, indeed, there is reason to fancy that the Board of Commissioners came first, and the law was passed to give it a reason for existence. Anyway, the multiplication of laws means a multiplication of officers who must have rooms. Hence the edifice that Bulfinch planned became inadequate. He, being nothing but an architect, thought to typify the dignity of the commonwealth with a swelling golden dome. The statesmen would put the gold into the pockets of a multitude of tax eaters.

The addition built to the State House to accommodate the horde of officeholders harmonizes as little with the original structure as the present standard of statesmanship in Massachusetts does with that of the days of Daniel Webster. Furthermore, the new is dragging down the old. Hence the need for prompt action either for the demolition of the original State House and its erection on a new plan, or else for its restoration and maintenance. Most people at all familiar with the eminent architectural fitness of the Bulfinch edifice for its surroundings will hope that the strenuous efforts now being made to save it will prove successful.

RUSSELL SAGE'S PLAN.

In an interview published yesterday Russell Sage invited the city to grant a right of way to the Metropolitan Elevated Railway, which would be worth millions of dollars, in exchange for an extension of its lines. He stated that the company does not care to buy the right of way. He deprecated any legislation compelling the elevated roads to light their cars as unnecessary, because the company has "been considering it for some time," with the intention of changing motive power and lighting at the same time.

Granting the expense and the practical problems to be solved in making these changes, still the company is not excusable for failing to make them heretofore and not beginning them now. The demand for this improvement has been too vigorous for the corporation to have been unaware that it would have to be met.

The franchise Mr. Sage refers to should not be granted without limitations controlling fares and provisions making the railway share its profits with the city. Many European cities derive great incomes from similar franchises, while the people get the benefits of cheaper and better service. The Illinois Central Railway pays a greater part of the State's expense; the railways of Delaware decrease the State assessment to an infinitesimal tax. It is impracticable to compel the company of which Mr. Sage is the spirit to build extensions, but it is not only practicable but necessary that it should be compelled to offer better facilities and cheaper fares.

MODERN CANNON.

Modern ordnance is costly, difficult to handle and dangerous. Accidents endangering the lives of experimenters and witnesses, like that which occurred on the proving grounds at Glen Cove, L. I., last Monday, are frequent. In that case the cannon itself was not large or difficult to operate, but the explosives, the projectiles and the model of the piece are new.

A distinguishing feature of modern gunnery is that the art has not advanced concurrently with the invention of improved cannon. This may be because no particular class of ordnance remains in use long enough for men to become expert in it, but it is more probable that the hastily made guns are defective, or that the explosives are too energetic for the purposes for which they are used. The efforts to produce heavy guns of long range incite the makers to accept risks that were not necessary with the comparatively small muzzle-loading, powder-charged cannon of the late war. Under these conditions it is astonishing how short-lived a cannon is. A writer in La Nature states that a modern cannon of 100 tons, with a charge of 550 pounds of powder, a shot weighing 2,000 pounds, having a velocity of 523 metres a second, will be subjected at its discharge to a strain of 17,000,000 horse power for one-hundredth of a second. After one hundred shots its active life is ended, so that it has been in actual service only one second. But in that second of activity it may have disabled a ship that cost \$2,000,000, or shattered the houses in a city seven miles away.

The language of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in refusing to disturb a \$5,000 verdict given to the victim of an irascible gateman of the elevated railroad is a sarcastic rebuke to the habit of claiming too much. "The story told by the gateman," says the Court, "is overdrawn. He was altogether too civil, too gentle, too entirely on the defensive." There is a moral in this for Major Handy and Mark Anthony Hanna. Having claimed all the virtues and delegates on earth for the Ohio Napoleon, they must not be surprised if the convention shows the incredulity evinced by the Appellate Court in the case of the Chesterfield gateman.

A very wholesome law is now being enforced at Ellis Island, and it is to be hoped that neither maudlin sentiment nor political influence will interfere with its operations. The recent Italian hegra can hardly commend itself to the most ardent advocate of immigration. The Italian population, in our cities at least, is not proving itself a wholly valuable addition to our stock. It is familiarizing us with the stiletto, the evil eye, the vendetta and the Mafia, and the spectacle of thousands of the very worst class that Italy can furnish, crowding to our shores to escape the call of duty in their own country, is now mitigated at least by the fact that nearly half of them are sent back again. America has a capacious maw, but after a very brief look at these people it is extremely doubtful that her "great revenge hath stomach for them all."

Topics of a Week
in London.

London, April 11.—The world will learn with pleasure and amusement that "Pigeon" Hill and lady are to occupy one of the bijou rooms in the Hampstead workhouse. Journal readers will remember all about "Pigeon" Hill when they know that he is the pauper at Hampstead workhouse, in London, who, setting covetous eyes on the new rooms for married paupers that the guardians had added to the establishment, courted a female pauper inmate, aged sixty-four (being a year older), and taking her out for a walk, marched back arm in arm with her, announced their marriage and demanded "one of them new rooms with a crack on the floor and a grate fire and a lookin' glass and readin' books and picters," his regular intended for married couples.

"Pigeon" Hill and his old woman had been for years obliged to inhabit the cheerless bare rooms set apart for single folks, and they went to all the trouble and expense of getting married on purpose to elevate their surroundings. The Board of Guardians was thunderstruck. They fancied that all the single paupers would pair off, go out for walks and come back married. If out for walks and come back married, "Pigeon" Hill and wife not what they wanted. They held solemn meetings and resolved that they did not know what to do. At last they appealed to their superiors, the Local Government Board, and submitted an argument for their own self-defence to the effect that as Mr. P. Hill and wife were inmates and single persons when they came to the workhouse, they were not entitled to one of the too attractive couples.

Noticing that Chevalier has taken New York by storm it seems likely, while the cork is in, that you will appreciate the most perfect bit of London street dialect yet put together. I include it here. It is not as artistic or as truly poetical as the songs of Chevalier or of the king of the music hall coterie impersonators, but it is strictly and perfectly true to the words of the State's expense; the railways of Delaware decrease the State assessment to an infinitesimal tax. It is impracticable to compel the company of which Mr. Sage is the spirit to build extensions, but it is not only practicable but necessary that it should be compelled to offer better facilities and cheaper fares.

Noticing that Chevalier has taken New York by storm it seems likely, while the cork is in, that you will appreciate the most perfect bit of London street dialect yet put together. I include it here. It is not as artistic or as truly poetical as the songs of Chevalier or of the king of the music hall coterie impersonators, but it is strictly and perfectly true to the words of the State's expense; the railways of Delaware decrease the State assessment to an infinitesimal tax. It is impracticable to compel the company of which Mr. Sage is the spirit to build extensions, but it is not only practicable but necessary that it should be compelled to offer better facilities and cheaper fares.

Noticing that Chevalier has taken New York by storm it seems likely, while the cork is in, that you will appreciate the most perfect bit of London street dialect yet put together. I include it here. It is not as artistic or as truly poetical as the songs of Chevalier or of the king of the music hall coterie impersonators, but it is strictly and perfectly true to the words of the State's expense; the railways of Delaware decrease the State assessment to an infinitesimal tax. It is impracticable to compel the company of which Mr. Sage is the spirit to build extensions, but it is not only practicable but necessary that it should be compelled to offer better facilities and cheaper fares.

Noticing that Chevalier has taken New York by storm it seems likely, while the cork is in, that you will appreciate the most perfect bit of London street dialect yet put together. I include it here. It is not as artistic or as truly poetical as the songs of Chevalier or of the king of the music hall coterie impersonators, but it is strictly and perfectly true to the words of the State's expense; the railways of Delaware decrease the State assessment to an infinitesimal tax. It is impracticable to compel the company of which Mr. Sage is the spirit to build extensions, but it is not only practicable but necessary that it should be compelled to offer better facilities and cheaper fares.

Noticing that Chevalier has taken New York by storm it seems likely, while the cork is in, that you will appreciate the most perfect bit of London street dialect yet put together. I include it here. It is not as artistic or as truly poetical as the songs of Chevalier or of the king of the music hall coterie impersonators, but it is strictly and perfectly true to the words of the State's expense; the railways of Delaware decrease the State assessment to an infinitesimal tax. It is impracticable to compel the company of which Mr. Sage is the spirit to build extensions, but it is not only practicable but necessary that it should be compelled to offer better facilities and cheaper fares.

Noticing that Chevalier has taken New York by storm it seems likely, while the cork is in, that you will appreciate the most perfect bit of London street dialect yet put together. I include it here. It is not as artistic or as truly poetical as the songs of Chevalier or of the king of the music hall coterie impersonators, but it is strictly and perfectly true to the words of the State's expense; the railways of Delaware decrease the State assessment to an infinitesimal tax. It is impracticable to compel the company of which Mr. Sage is the spirit to build extensions, but it is not only practicable but necessary that it should be compelled to offer better facilities and cheaper fares.

Noticing that Chevalier has taken New York by storm it seems likely, while the cork is in, that you will appreciate the most perfect bit of London street dialect yet put together. I include it here. It is not as artistic or as truly poetical as the songs of Chevalier or of the king of the music hall coterie impersonators, but it is strictly and perfectly true to the words of the State's expense; the railways of Delaware decrease the State assessment to an infinitesimal tax. It is impracticable to compel the company of which Mr. Sage is the spirit to build extensions, but it is not only practicable but necessary that it should be compelled to offer better facilities and cheaper fares.

Noticing that Chevalier has taken New York by storm it seems likely, while the cork is in, that you will appreciate the most perfect bit of London street dialect yet put together. I include it here. It is not as artistic or as truly poetical as the songs of Chevalier or of the king of the music hall coterie impersonators, but it is strictly and perfectly true to the words of the State's expense; the railways of Delaware decrease the State assessment to an infinitesimal tax. It is impracticable to compel the company of which Mr. Sage is the spirit to build extensions, but it is not only practicable but necessary that it should be compelled to offer better facilities and cheaper fares.

Matters Feminine and
Theatrical in Paris.

Paris, April 9.—Sarah Bernhardt's theatre, La Renaissance, produces more really new and good plays than any other theatre in Paris. Even the absence in foreign countries of the great tragedienne makes no difference to its prolificness. They are, however, not all successes, and it is to be feared the latest of all, "La Meute," must be reckoned among the number. The author, M. Hernant, who for ten years has been one of the masters of the contemporary French novel, has always been famed for his literary and fine arts, and his logical studies and for his fine and invariably correct observation. Because, however, he has been a successful novelist it by no means follows that he will equally succeed with the drama, and in fact the charges which are made against him in respect to his latest work are precisely those which might have been expected. More action is wanted throughout the entire piece, and the author, not having his usual amount of space to develop his characters, has not altogether succeeded in making quite clear what he really intended them to be. This lack of certainty and this hesitation have spread themselves throughout the entire piece, with the inevitable result that the thought which has guided the whole drama is very much obscured. It does not completely conceal the consistency of the chief characters, and this will probably prove a serious drawback to the lasting success of the piece. Nevertheless, as will be seen, it gives a thoroughly accurate idea of a certain side of Parisian life, though people are beginning to ask themselves why this side, should always be served up on the Paris stage. People are further beginning to ask why, for instance, the nobility, or such as remains of it, should always be consistently blackened, and it is probable indeed that we may yet see a reaction on the French stage in favor of a juster treatment of the better sides of social life. The plot of the piece undoubtedly suggests the recent Leandri affair, and it gains nothing through this borrowing from actuality.

"La Meute" is simply the collection of persons mostly characterized by rascality who live on and meet in the house of a superlatively rich pibelman named Claude Rennequin, whose father was a simple building contractor. The chief personage of this miscellaneous assortment is, however, the Vicomte de Lampsade, who is in reality Rennequin's brother-in-law, as he is secretly the lover of the latter's sister, the Comtesse Catherine de Meyrieux. The story professes to show the evolution of the better life of Lampsade, but this is not precisely what it does not do. The author wishes his audience to believe that Lampsade after knowing, at the age of fourteen, associating himself with Rennequin and carrying on a liaison with his sister and subsequently leading a life in which ambition is paramount and sentiment does not exist, is at length converted under the influence of a young American heiress named Lillian Brunksmare. The author does, however, achieve the social rehabilitation of his hero, whom he represents at length under a benign influence in the shape of his love for Lillian. Nothing, however, comes of this affection, for Rennequin's sister by no means intends to be cast aside like an old glove, and, in addition, Lampsade's father, smitten with a sudden access of honor, insists upon his son marrying his mistress. This, however, he declines to do, and shoots himself.

Such is the outline of the piece, which affords many a more or less disgusting picture of the numerous shady professions which French society has brought into existence, and which, moreover, gives a very admirable if a rather distasteful account of servant life in Paris. The interpretation of the piece is very good. M. Guitry, who always plays with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt when she is in Paris, and frequently accompanies her abroad, took the role of Lampsade, and though he seemed overweighed in the earlier acts through the prevalent uncertainty as to what the author really meant by the character to be, he nevertheless gave an extremely fine rendering of the closing scene. M. Brenont was Rennequin, who is really only a subordinate personage. Mile. Lina Munte was an excellently jealous and vicious baroness, and finally Mile. Cerny was admirable as a sentimental American girl.

Americans who visit Paris during the coming few months should see the piece if only on account of its admirable sketching of certain phases of Parisian life. As to whether they will like it, that is quite another matter. Americans who visited Paris about the middle of this century will recollect the actress Anais Fargueil, who achieved such remarkable success as an opera singer. Her really brilliant period was from 1852 to 1870, but she is associated with many successes produced before that date. Besides, in numerous pieces of Sardou, Mile. Anais Fargueil appeared in Dardis, Mile. Multon and Les Filles de Marbre, her greatest success of all being in the last-named. Sardou himself held the greatest opinion of her talent, affirming that she could be both tragic and comic, and that perhaps the sole thing she needed was tenderness, though this on the French stage is often confused with passion. This celebrated artist practically retired from the theatre in 1875, and has just died.

Evolution of a Mind.
"I crave not love," she harshly said—
She was a young New Woman;
"I sooner would a wild beast woe,
Whose longings are not human."

The years rolled on. She married thrice,
Grew stout and had five babies;
And thinks that men, poor men, are nice,
And suffragists have rabies.
San Francisco News-Letter.

Stirring Events of
"Brick" Pomeroy's Life.

Chicago, April 19.—A week ago, when Mark Mills Pomeroy, better known as "Brick," lay on what was supposed to be his death bed, at Blythebourne, he said with characteristic emphasis to a friend who made some reference to his approaching end: "I've fooled the doctors twice, and I'm going to do it the third time." He has kept his promise thus far.

It is sixteen or eighteen years since Pomeroy sought to revive the fortunes of Pomeroy's Democrat, which bourgeoned in Wisconsin, but withered in New York. It would not bear transplanting. After disastrous adventures in Corning, N. Y., and Athens, Pa., with small, pulling newspapers which never paid nursing bills, Pomeroy landed in Wisconsin with his printing outfit in tin cans. That is to say, the "dress" of the newspaper was in these cans. The press he could not carry, and he lacked sufficient influence to raise money for freight bills. This was away back in 1877, and he was but twenty-four years old. He founded the Horicon Argus, and in a year, as the result of his individuality and force as a writer, he had a paper that was worth selling. He sold and went to Milwaukee as city editor of the News. It was in this capacity that he was delivered of an epigram that has become a stock quotation in newspaper offices. A hotel at Whitefish Lake, a Lake Michigan resort seven miles from the city, caught fire and burned to the ground. The other Milwaukee papers reported the incident with many adjectives expressing horror. The News had no mention of it. Pomeroy called in his only reporter, and, being somewhat plumed by reason of having failed to get the only news item in a long year, began to reproach the unfortunate staff.

"But, Mr. Pomeroy," urged the writer, "I have a good excuse for failing to get that."
"Damn your excuses," replied the discontented city editor, "I can hire a man for \$5 a week to make excuses. What I want is news."

Pomeroy was not the character of man who enjoyed building up newspapers for other men, and as soon as he found a good location he staked out a journalistic claim. La Crosse was the site pre-empted, and every newspaper man and every other person more than forty years old and able to read English will remember the glittering success he made for himself. He built up in a Wisconsin lumber camp the most influential Democratic paper in the United States—that is, speaking of its general influence. It was violently "Copper" in politics, and the mails leading to the South were loaded with it. It has a wide vogue in the East, too, as it had in the Western and Southern country. Every one read it; the Republicans to curse its vitriolic editor and the Democrats to rejoice in such a mental Hercules. It was a matter of some pride with Wisconsin newspaper men thirty years ago that their State had the best equipped newspaper plant in the United States west of New York. It was "Brick" Pomeroy's establishment, where he printed a daily with a circulation of something like 8,000 copies—less, rather than more—and a weekly with an issue of 300,000. The presses ran all day of each of the seven, and the last week's output frequently encroached on the time of the current number. The printing office cost \$100,000 for its interior equipment, and far surpassed in its presses and other appliances the newspaper plants of Chicago or St. Louis.

Pomeroy's head, to use an expressive Wisconsinism, swelled in direct proportion to his prosperity. He became known among Democratic politicians and leaders as a man of great power and force as a writer, and of wide influence. Boss Tweed, who owned Tammany, and through it prescribed political doctrine for New York, beckoned the brilliant "Brick" Manhattanward. Pomeroy fancied himself the greatest man in the West at that time—and he had a slight basis, at least, for the hallucination—and responded joyously and sanguinely. He figured that he would become as great in the East and shadow the nation. He established a newspaper in New York in 1888, and in its operation lost \$200,000 or more, whereas \$150,000 was brought with him from the La Crosse paper. The audience was not the same to which Pomeroy had been accustomed, and his environment was not inspiring. Then, too, he became involved in trouble with his friends. He sought to run Tweed and Tammany, instead of permitting them to pull the strings which should set him in motion, this being Tweed's oldest plan. What happened to him has baffled many a bettor, both before and since, who have toyed with the Tammany thrashing machine. Pomeroy came out on the straw carrier much mangled and disheveled. He turned his paper over to George W. Peck, who has since gained repute in the double role of humorous writer and Governor of Wisconsin.

Daybreak at Appomattox.
From the Washington Star.
Virginia's hills at break of day—
On arms in fatal slumber lay—
The armies of the blue and gray—
Daybreak at Appomattox.

The bugle's welcome to the morn
Awoke the legions battleworn—
And aye the colors sailed and tom—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
The troopers to their saddles leapt;
The gunners from the caissons crept—
The brilliant rides forward swept—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
The blue are mustered on the hills,
The gray beside the battle hills—
And soon the sound of battle fills—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
The cannons loud declare a roar;
A storm of ball the rifles pour—
The dewy grass is red with gore—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
Bet, see! The sunshine cleaves the sky;
A glad "stop firing" is the cry;
A welcome sign is drawing nigh—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
Thus out beyond the fields of green
The waving flag of white is seen
Above the line of battle's sheen—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
Shout, shout, ye braves! The war is past;
The dawn of peace has come at last,
With love to bind the nation fast—
Daybreak at Appomattox.

Natural Fortifications.
[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]
If an enemy would have as much trouble in getting into New York Harbor as the vessels of the regular lines have recently had the city wouldn't need any additional fortifications. It is so full of water, and the water is so full of the bars of New York. The St. Paul, the New York, the French liner and the Greyhound are most creditable illustrations.

Sensational News.
[Chicago Chronicle.]
A sensational announcement comes from New York. The trustees of the Grant Monument Association say they have enough money to complete the monument.

Odd Occurrences
Out of Town.

Unearthed Gold.
From Eagle Pass, Tex., comes this story: Thousands of dollars in American \$20 gold pieces have recently appeared in Piedras Negras and this city and were all traced to a young man who had recently arrived in Rosales, a neighboring Mexican village. The ill-luck which scattered this gold seemed to indicate that he came by it very easily. The appearance here of Shorty New, of Medina County, and Detective Joe Shelby, of San Antonio, with the mother of the young man, explained the mystery.

The young man, Hernandez by name, and his father and mother had been working for Michael Schultz, an old farmer in Guadalupe County. Schultz's wife had been for some time managing his business, and last year realized on a large amount of property, burying the proceeds in three lots of \$3,000, \$5,000 and \$17,000. She died suddenly of heart disease, without having informed her husband where she buried the money. The old gentleman began digging around for it and evidently attracted the attention of this family who were employed on the place. Their disappearance and the finding just after of a recently dug hole with some coins scattered around aroused Schultz's suspicions. Old man Hernandez was arrested at Seguin and \$1,000 was found in his possession. His wife was arrested in El Paso with \$700 in her stockings. The son had gone to Mexico. The indications are that the \$17,000 pot of gold was found. Young Hernandez has been spending his money with such a free hand that it is probable that little is left in his possession, but he has made some investments in land and stock. He recently had arrested and jailed in Piedras Negras a man to whom he had confided where he had buried \$1,500, and who, he alleges, afterward stole it.

A Dog That Kills Crabs.
San Francisco boasts of a dog—Sport by name—that kills crabs. On almost any day Sport can be seen on the Powell street wharf watching the crowds of fishermen. Some want crabs, but most of them do not, and if by chance they manage to look one it is thrown on the wharf.

In an instant Sport is playing for an opening in front of the crabs, and for several minutes there is a lively battle. Sport always makes an attempt to get his teeth in between the claws of the crab and drive his fangs into its brain. This, however, is not always easy for him to do, as the crab will make a hard fight for its life. At times Sport will receive many scratches before he succeeds in ending the life of his antagonist. His jaws are always cut, but never so badly as to render him unfit to fight.

Whenever there is a contest between Sport and a crab the fishermen on the wharf will allow their lines to take care of themselves while they watch the struggle. A circle will be formed around the antagonists and the onlookers seem to get as much pleasure and excitement out of it as they would out of a cockfight. Many bets would undoubtedly be made, except for the fact that the death of the crab is such a certainty.

Numerous attempts have been made to get other dogs to attack the crabs, but have always resulted in failure. The ordinary dog concludes he has had enough the moment he feels the sharp claws in his jaws, and draws out of the contest, leaving the crab to be finished by Sport.

Lives on a Raft.
For several weeks past there has been a most unusual craft floating on the waters of the bay in the vicinity of the Union Iron Works, San Francisco. The whole thing is not worth more than \$10, and yet its owner says he has solved the "land o' lord" problem.

Henry Carpenter is his name and he is only too willing to tell how he was compelled to take up his present habitation. Henry has been in this world nearly seventy years and wherever he lived was compelled to pay rent. Even when he was earning big wages this "galled" him, and when he got old and work was scarce it was unbearable. To overcome this he bought a tent and put it up on the water front of the China Basin. But he couldn't escape even here, and a policeman told him he would have to make arrangements with the owners or leave.

It was at this time that Henry hit on his bright idea. He begged three logs and a number of planks and made a raft. It was of good size, and he put his tent on one end and on the other located his kitchen stove. He then set it adrift, and was his own master.

Judging by appearances the affair would not be bad for camping out for a few days, but for a continuous residence would be rather damp. Old Henry, however, is happy as can be. He comes out and goes when he pleases and nobody dare say a word to him. He generally keeps his raft tied to the shore by a long rope and anchored at the other end—that is, when he is aboard. When he wants to go ashore he takes hold of the rope and pulls until land is reached. His cook stove is an affair made of sheet iron, but answers his purpose. In fact, he is satisfied with anything so long as he does not have to pay rent.

Elkins's Boonette.
[St. Louis Republic.]
Steve Elkins' quiet announcement that he is a Presidential candidate to stay spreads a bowling delight from Virginia to Texas. The Southern Republican delegate is going to be a winner, whoever is nominated at St. Louis. Prices are running up as the Elkins boom moves down the coast toward the Gulf.